MARVEL EDGE
NOV·346
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
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R.W. WATR
DIRECT EDITION
34611
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STAN LEE PRESENTS:

DAILY BUGLE REPORTER BEN URICH CAN'T STOP LOOKING AT THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

OLD PHOTOGRAPHS. SURELY--OF A MAN WHO'S CURRENTLY ROTTING IN A LONG ISLAND GRAVE.

SNAP-SHOTS OF THE DEAD PAST.

THIS WAS MURDOCK IN THE EARLY DAYS...BEFORE URICH EVEN KNEW HIM. WHEN DAREDEVIL'S SPIRIT WAS LIGHTER.

WHEN HE STILL KNEW HOW TO LAUGH.

BUT THESE PHOTOS AREN'T OLD. THEY WERE TAKEN THIS WEEK!

SOMEONE'S OUT THERE, IN DAREDEVIL'S ORIGINAL COSTUME, LAUGHING WITH DAREDEVIL'S ORIGINAL VOICE, RECREATING A LEGEND.

AND URICH KNOWS HE'S NOT GOING TO SLEEP UNTIL HE FINDS OUT WHO THIS MAN IS--AND WHY HE'S CHOSEN NOW...

EVENING, URICH.

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...TO SHOW HIS FACE.
THOUGHT I'D SWING BY AND INTRODUCE MYSELF.
THE NAME IS DAREDEVIL.
DAREDEVIL'S DEAD!
A DAREDEVIL IS DEAD.
ME...I'M THE ONE, THE ONLY--
--THE ORIGINAL.
THIS IS CRAZY! WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
I TOLD YOU: I'M DAREDEVIL.
AND I NEED YOU TO DO ME A FAVOR.
I WANT THE WORD OUT... LOUD AND CLEAR ...THAT THERE'LL BE NO MORE IMPOSTERS SULLYING MY GOOD NAME.
THERE'S ONLY ONE ME AND-- I'M IT!
ANYONE ELSE CLAIMING TO BE DAREDEVIL HAD BETTER WATCH HIS BACK!
WAIT A MINUTE! YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE!
OF COURSE I CAN!
NICE TO MEET YOU, URICH! HOPE WE CROSS PATHS AGAIN.
MATT...?
HE KNOWS THAT IT CAN'T BE MATT. HE'S TOO OLD TO BELIEVE IN MIRACLES.
TAK TAK TAKATA TAK
BUT, AS HE SITS DOWN AT HIS BATTERED OLD MANUAL TYPEWRITER...
...BEATS THE KEYS SO HARD THEY ALMOST CRACK...
TAKATA TAK TAKATA
...HE FINDS HIMSELF PRAYING...
...THAT SOMEHOW, SOME WAY...
TAK TAK TAKATA

...IT IS.

DAILY BUGLE

SERVING NEW YORK SINCE 1856

IT'S WAR!

TWO DAREDEVILS . . . ONE CITY . . . WHO WILL WIN?

EXCLUSIVE BY BEN URICH

INFERNO

PART TWO

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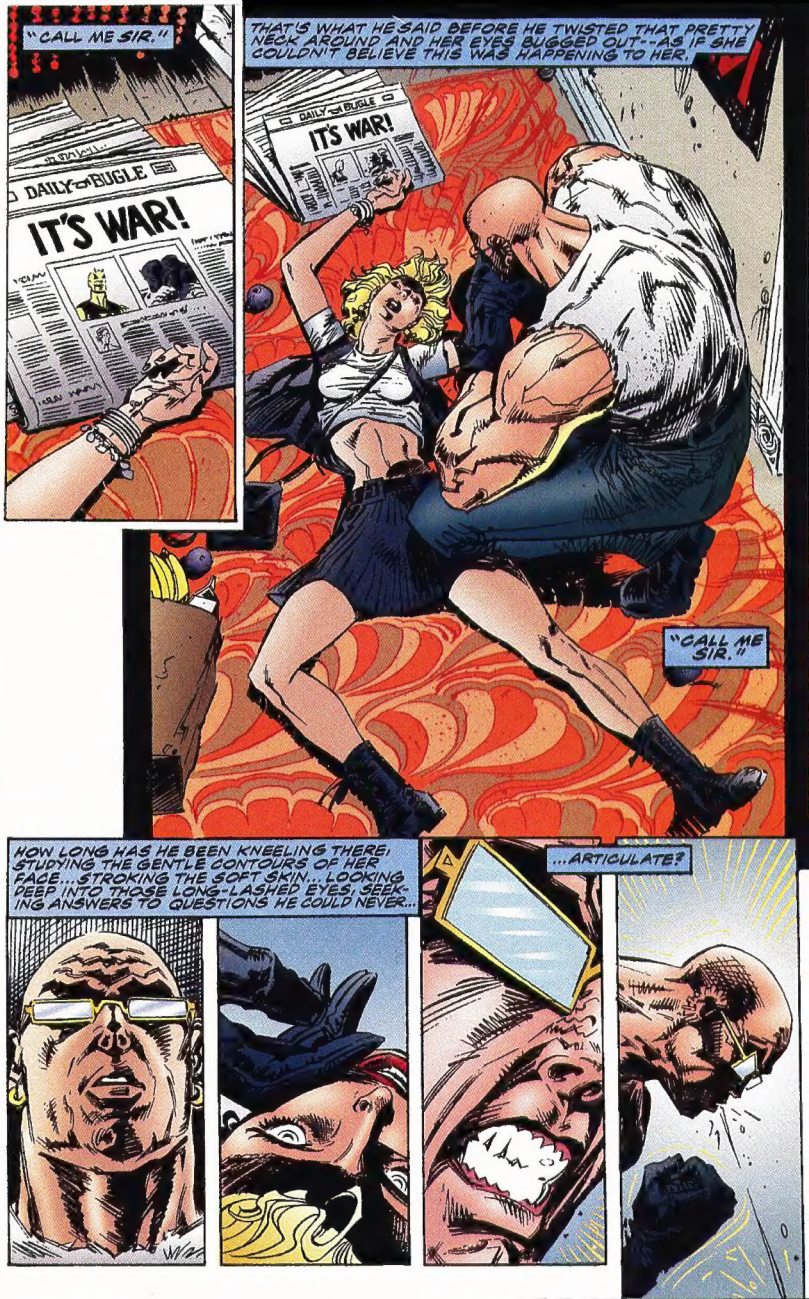
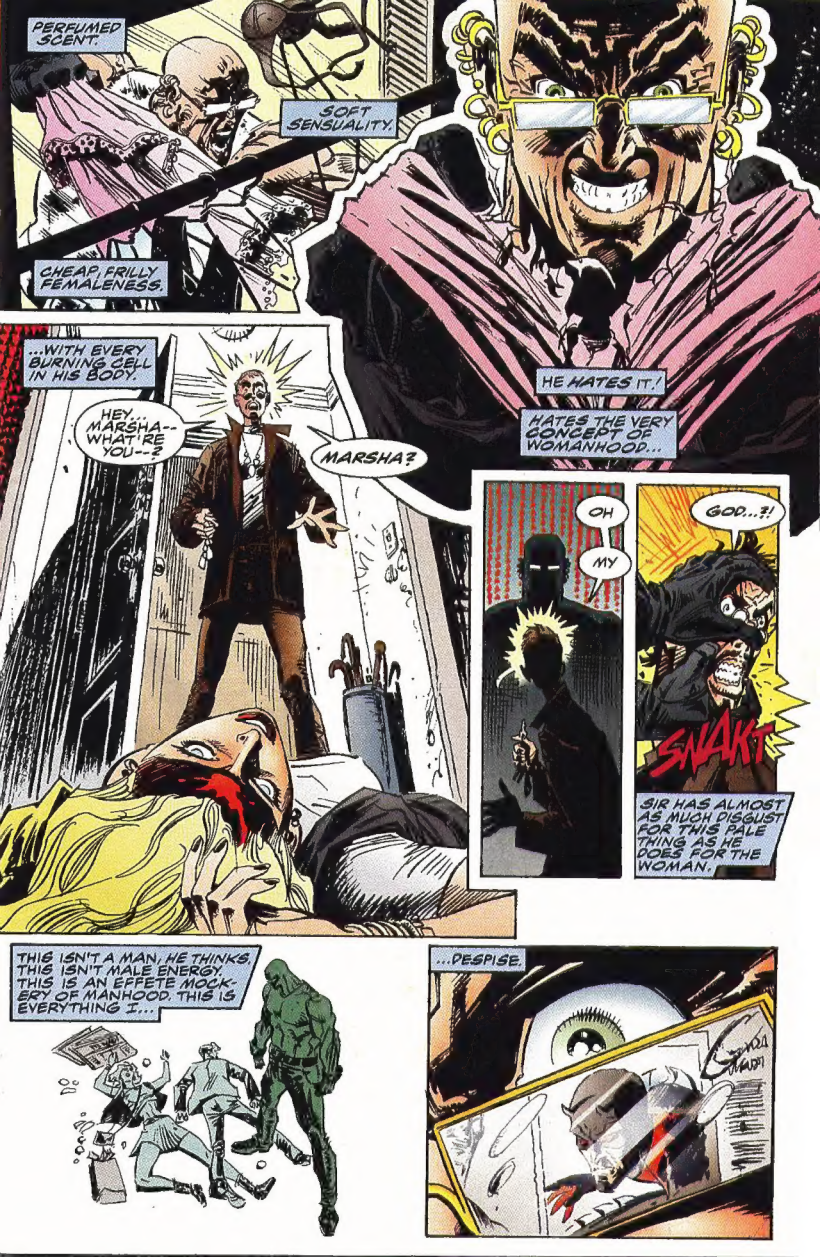
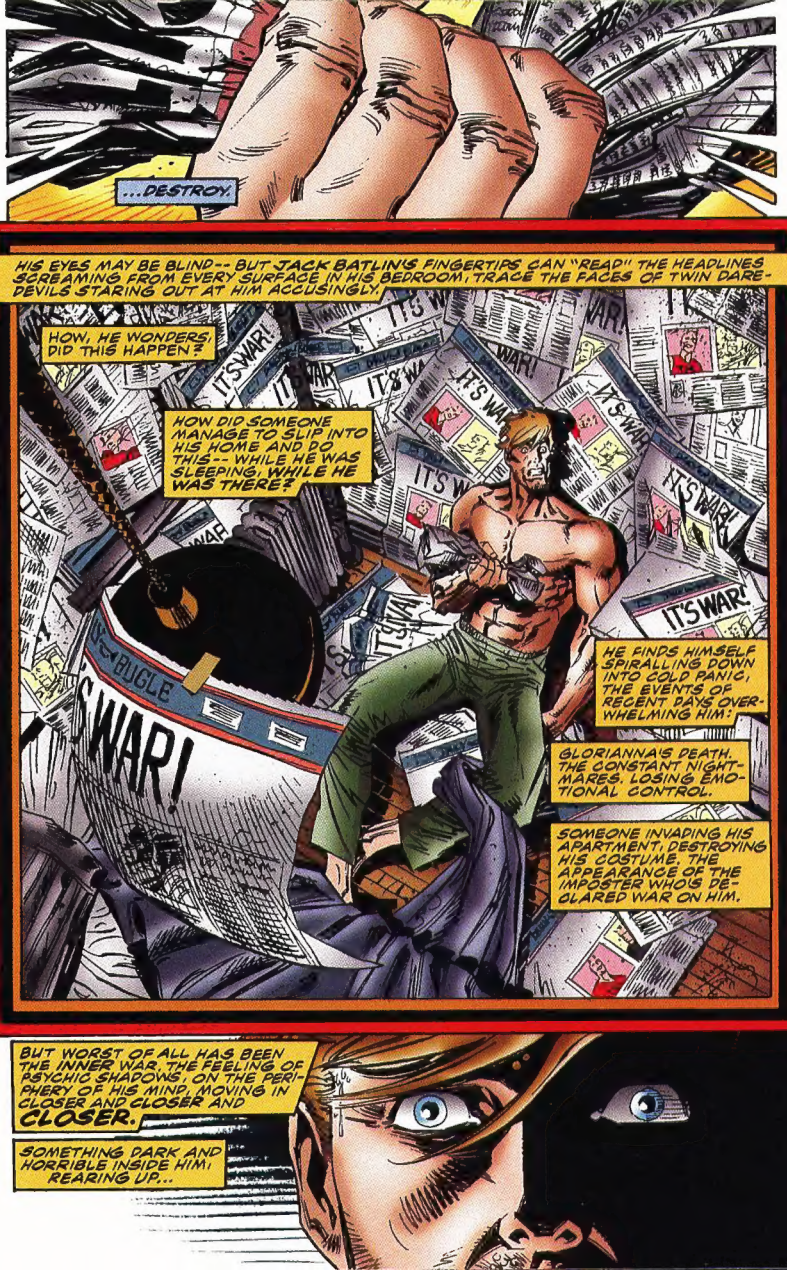
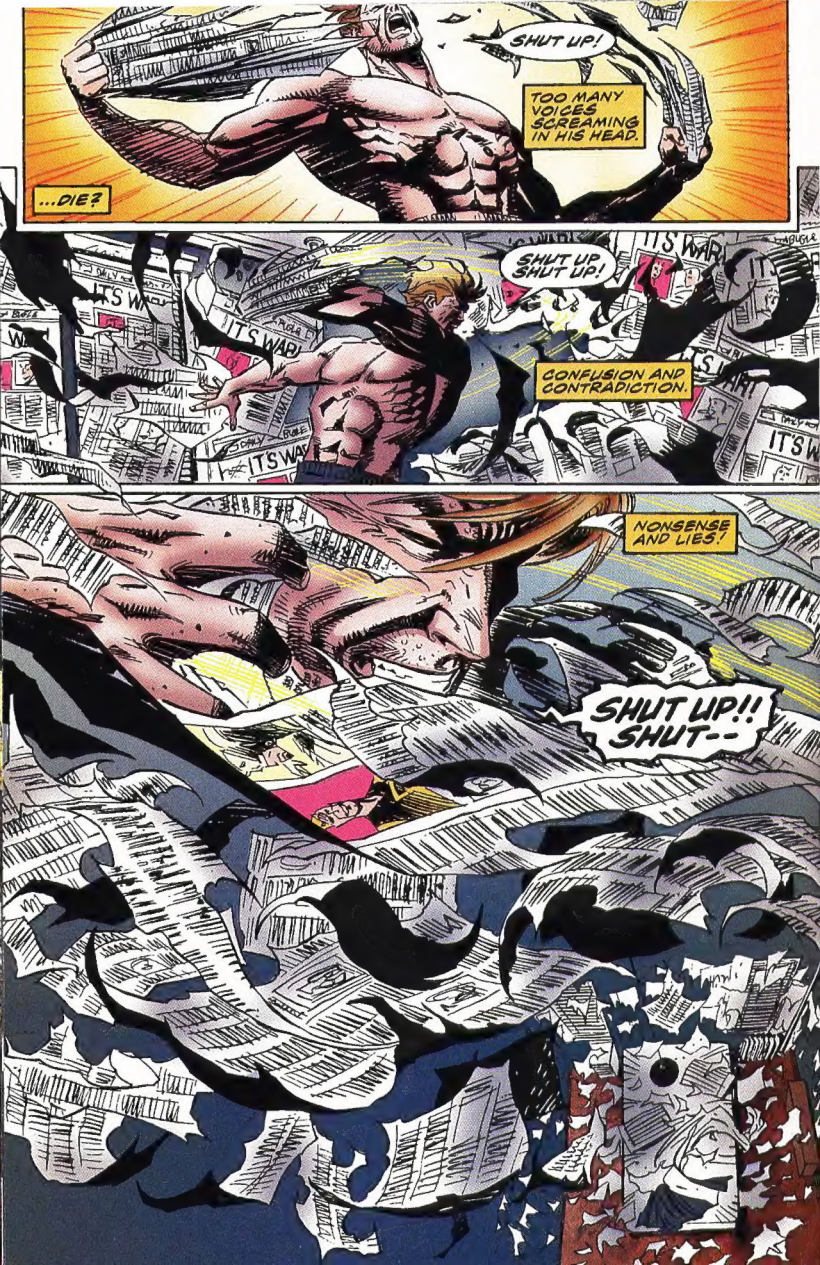

"CALL ME SIR."
DAILY BUGLE
IT'S WAR!
THAT'S WHAT HE SAID BEFORE HE TWISTED THAT PRETTY NECK AROUND AND HER EYES BUGGED OUT--AS IF SHE COULDN'T BELIEVE THIS WAS HAPPENING TO HER.
DAILY BUGLE
IT'S WAR!
"CALL ME SIR."
HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN KNEELING THERE, STUDYING THE GENTLE CONTOURS OF HER FACE...STROKING THE SOFT SKIN...LOOKING DEEP INTO THOSE LONG-LASHED EYES, SEEKING ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS HE COULD NEVER...
...ARTICULATE?


PERFUMED SCENT.
SOFT SENSUALITY.
CHEAP, FRILLY FEMALENESS.
HE HATES IT./
HATES THE VERY CONCEPT OF WOMANHOOD...
...WITH EVERY BURNING CELL IN HIS BODY.
HEY... MARSHA-- WHAT'RE YOU--?
MARSHA?
OH
MY
GOD...?!
SNAK!
SIR HAS ALMOST AS MUCH DISGUST FOR THIS PALE THING AS HE DOES FOR THE WOMAN.
THIS ISN'T A MAN, HE THINKS. THIS ISN'T MALE ENERGY. THIS IS AN EFFETE MOCKERY OF MANHOOD. THIS IS EVERYTHING I...
...DESPISE.

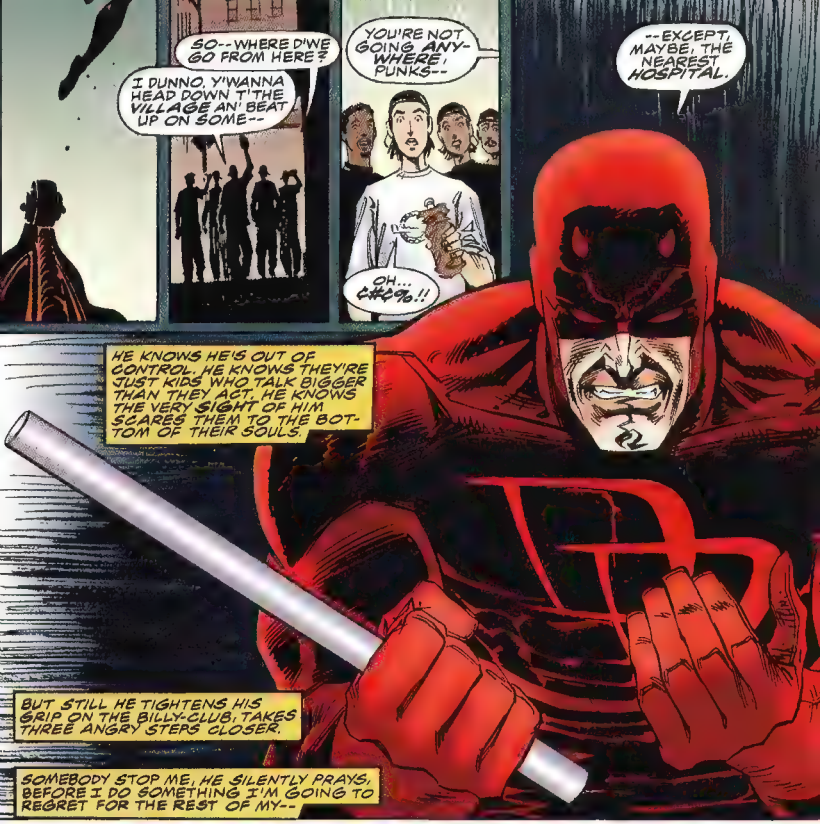
HIS HEART POUNDS, HIS SKIN TINGLES; HIS SOUL GROWS HUNGRY...
...IN DEEP AND TERRIFYING WAYS.
THIS IS EVERYTHING I WANT TO BE; NEED TO BE.
HE HAS TO HAVE THIS ONE. TO PLAY WITH.
TO CONSUME.
NOW THIS, SIR THINKS, REMEMBERING HIS ENCOUNTER WITH DAREDEVIL THE PREVIOUS NIGHT, # IS MALENESS. THIS IS MANHOOD IN ITS MUSCLED PRIME.
#LAST ISSUE.--JAMES
TO ABSORB AND THEN...


...DESTROY.
HIS EYES MAY BE BLIND-- BUT JACK BATLING'S FINGERTIPS CAN "READ" THE HEADLINES SCREAMING FROM EVERY SURFACE IN HIS BEDROOM, TRACE THE FACES OF TWIN DARE-DEVILS STARING OUT AT HIM ACCUSINGLY.
HOW, HE WONDERS, DID THIS HAPPEN?
HOW DID SOMEONE MANAGE TO SLIP INTO HIS HOME AND DO THIS-- WHILE HE WAS SLEEPING, WHILE HE WAS THERE?
IT'S WAR!
BUGLE
HE FINDS HIMSELF SPIRALLING DOWN INTO COLD PANIC, THE EVENTS OF RECENT DAYS OVER-WHELMING HIM:
GLORIANNA'S DEATH. THE CONSTANT NIGHT-MARES. LOSING EMO-TIONAL CONTROL.
SOMEONE INVADING HIS APARTMENT, DESTROYING HIS COSTUME. THE APPEARANCE OF THE IMPOSTER WHO'S DE-CLARED WAR ON HIM.
BUT WORST OF ALL HAS BEEN THE INNER WAR. THE FEELING OF PSYCHIC SHADOWS ON THE PERI-PHERY OF HIS MIND, MOVING IN CLOSER AND CLOSER AND CLOSER.
SOMETHING DARK AND HORRIBLE INSIDE HIM, REARING UP...

...TO DEVOUR HIM.
GOOD LITTLE BOY. KNEELS IN PRAYER. LOVES HIS FATHER. PINES FOR HIS MOTHER.
SWEARS TO BE GOOD. TO BE GENTLE AND KIND.
NO FIGHTING, NO ANGER, NO FISTS.
GOOD LITTLE BOY, BLIND AS A BAT. FULL OF RAGE AND PAIN.
SEEKING VENGEANCE AND BLOOD.
GOOD LITTLE BOY, GOES TO CONFESSION. WORSHIPS GOD AND THE LAW. SANCTITY AND ORDER.
WEARS A MASK AND RUNS WILD. BREAKS THE BONES OF THE LAW. LAUGHS IN GOD'S FACE.
GOOD LITTLE BOY, PUSHES HER--HARD. WATCHES HER FALL. WATCHES HER...

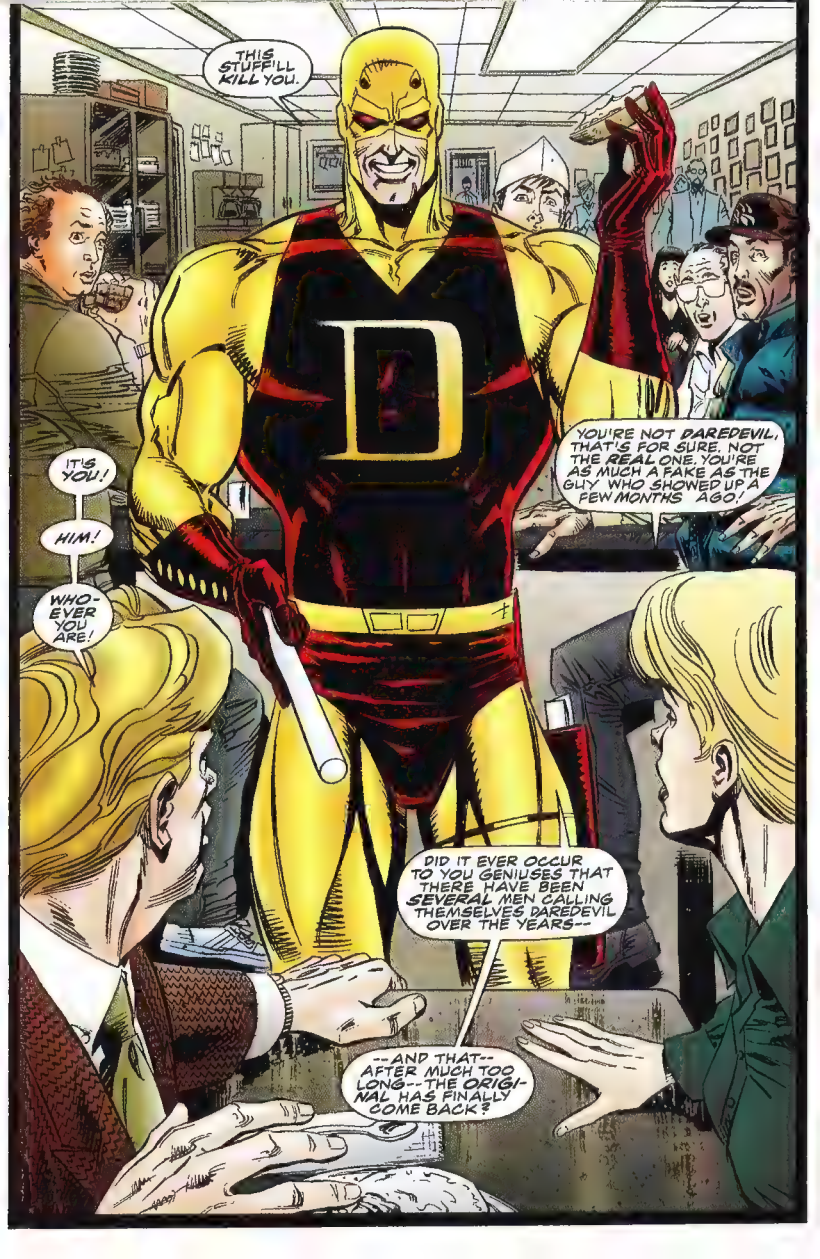

SHUT UP!
TOO MANY VOICES SCREAMING IN HIS HEAD.
...DIE?
SHUT UP, SHUT UP!
CONFUSION AND CONTRADICTION.
NONSENSE AND LIES!
SHUT UP!! SHUT--

HE'LL KILL BATLIN, TOO, IF HE HAS TO--TO STILL THOSE VOICES IN HIS HEAD. BURY HIM THE WAY HE BURIED MURDOCK.
HE'LL HIDE BEHIND THE DEVIL'S MASK, DO THE DEVIL'S WORK: POUND FLESH, BREAK BONES.
AND HE DOESN'T CARE WHOSE.
HIS HYPER-SENSES SCAN THE NIGHT, TAKE IN SWEET SMELLS, THE STINK OF CORRUPTION, A LOVER'S SIGH, A DRUNKEN ROAR.
THE ARROGANT LAUGHTER OF YOUTH.
OOOO, BABE--THEM LEGS MAKE ME CRAAAAZY!
WANNA WRAP 'EM AROUND ME?
Nikon
PENTAX
FIVE OF US, ONE O' YOU--
BET YA COULD MAKE US ALL HAPPY!
NO RESPECT, HE THINKS. NO DECENCY. JUST DO WHAT THEY WANT. RUN WILD LIKE DOGS.
LIKE...


SO--WHERE D'WE GO FROM HERE?
I DUNNO, Y'WANNA HEAD DOWN T'THE VILLAGE AN' BEAT UP ON SOME--
YOU'RE NOT GOING ANY-WHERE, PUNKS--
--EXCEPT, MAYBE, THE NEAREST HOSPITAL.
OH... CHRIS%!!
HE KNOWS HE'S OUT OF CONTROL. HE KNOWS THEY'RE JUST KIDS WHO TALK BIGGER THAN THEY ACT. HE KNOWS THE VERY SIGHT OF HIM SCARES THEM TO THE BOTTOM OF THEIR SOULS.
BUT STILL HE TIGHTENS HIS GRIP ON THE BILLY-CLUB, TAKES THREE ANGRY STEPS CLOSER.
SOMEBODY STOP ME, HE SILENTLY PRAYS, BEFORE I DO SOMETHING I'M GOING TO REGRET FOR THE REST OF MY--

KRAIG
HA HAHA
HAHAHAHA
HA HA
THE LAUGHTER, LIGHT AND FREE, SEEMS TO ERUPT FROM NOWHERE--AND EVERYWHERE; FROM INSIDE HIM--AND ALL AROUND HIM.
AS HE VAINLY SCANS THE ROOFTOPS FOR THE SOURCE OF THAT LAUGHTER, HE REALIZES--TO HIS ASTONISHMENT--THAT HE'S NOT DISTURBED BY IT AT ALL.
IN FACT, IN SOME ODD, INEXPLICABLE WAY...

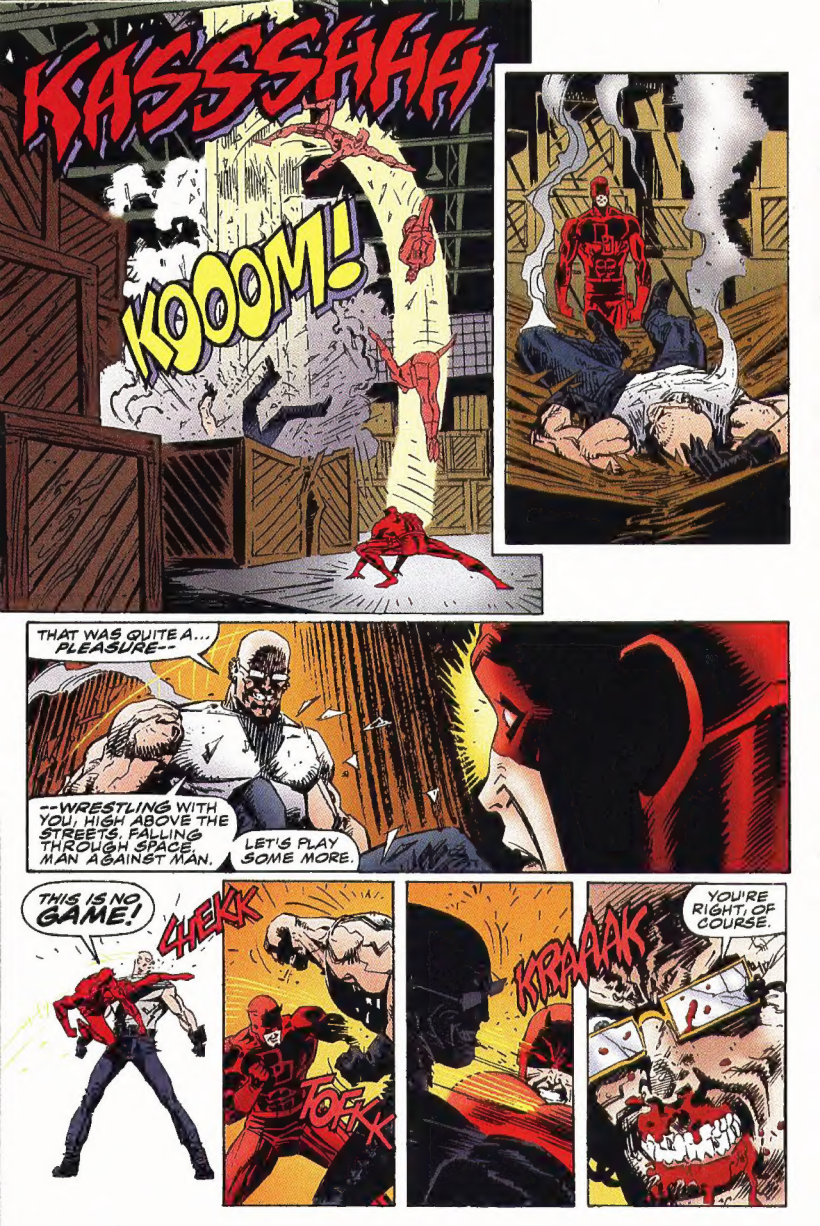
...IT GIVES HIM HOPE.
...FOGGY--THERE MUST BE HALF A POUND OF CREAM CHEESE ON THIS BAGEL. DON'T YOU EVER WORRY ABOUT YOUR CHOLESTEROL?
MORT'S RESTAURANT
HEY, I WORK OUT IN THE GYM.
OH, YEAH? HOW OFTEN?
THREE, FOUR TIMES A--
--YEAR.
I'VE ALREADY LOST MATT --AND I HAVE NO INTENTION OF LOSING YOU, TOO.
HEY... C'MON, KAREN, WE DIDN'T COME HERE TO TALK ABOUT MY WAISTLINE. WE CAME TO TALK ABOUT--
--DAREDEVIL. OR WHOEVER'S OUT THERE PRETENDING TO BE DAREDEVIL.
YOU SAY THAT YOU SAW HIM, TOO? 'CAUSE I TOLD YOU HE SHOWED UP AT MY OFFICE THE OTHER NIGHT.
I SAW TWO OF THEM. ONE OUTSIDE MY APARTMENT BUILDING AND THE OTHER--
YEAH?
THE OTHER ONE WAS --AT THE CEMETERY... BY MATT'S GRAVE.
WAS IT THE SAME GUY, Y'THINK?
THE ONE AT THE GRAVE WAS WEARING THE RED COSTUME. BUT THE FIRST ONE WAS--
-- IN THE OLD YELLOW AND BLACK. YEAH, THAT'S THE GUY I MET.
Y'KNOW, THERE ARE MORE THAN ENOUGH WACKOS OUT THERE CAPABLE OF IMPERSONATING HIM. BUT THE WEIRD THING IS, THE GUY I MET--
--SOMETHING ABOUT HIM SURE REMINDED ME OF HORNHEAD... THE WAY HE USED TO BE--
--BACK IN THE OLD--
KAREN'S RIGHT ABOUT THE CREAM CHEESE, FOG-STER.
--DAYS...?


THIS STUFF'LL KILL YOU.
YOU'RE NOT DAREDEVIL, THAT'S FOR SURE. NOT THE REAL ONE. YOU'RE AS MUCH A FAKE AS THE GUY WHO SHOWED UP A FEW MONTHS AGO!
IT'S YOU!
HIM!
WHO-EVER YOU ARE!
DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU GENIUSES THAT THERE HAVE BEEN SEVERAL MEN CALLING THEMSELVES DAREDEVIL OVER THE YEARS--
--AND THAT-- AFTER MUCH TOO LONG--THE ORIGI-NAL HAS FINALLY COME BACK?

IMPOSSIBLE! I KNOW FOR A FACT THAT, TILL NOW, THERE'S ONLY BEEN ONE DAREDEVIL! THAT--
MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW AS MUCH AS YOU THINK YOU DO.
WELL, I... UM... AH... UHHHH--
NO, MAYBE NOT.
OKAY, EVERYBODY-- BREAKFAST IS ON ME TODAY!
SO EAT UP... AND, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE--
--ENJOY YOURSELVES!
DAREDEVIL-- WAIT!
I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN, KAREN, SOON.
I PROMISE!
AMAZING!
YOU SAID IT.
I CAN'T BELIEVE HE PAID FOR BREAKFAST!

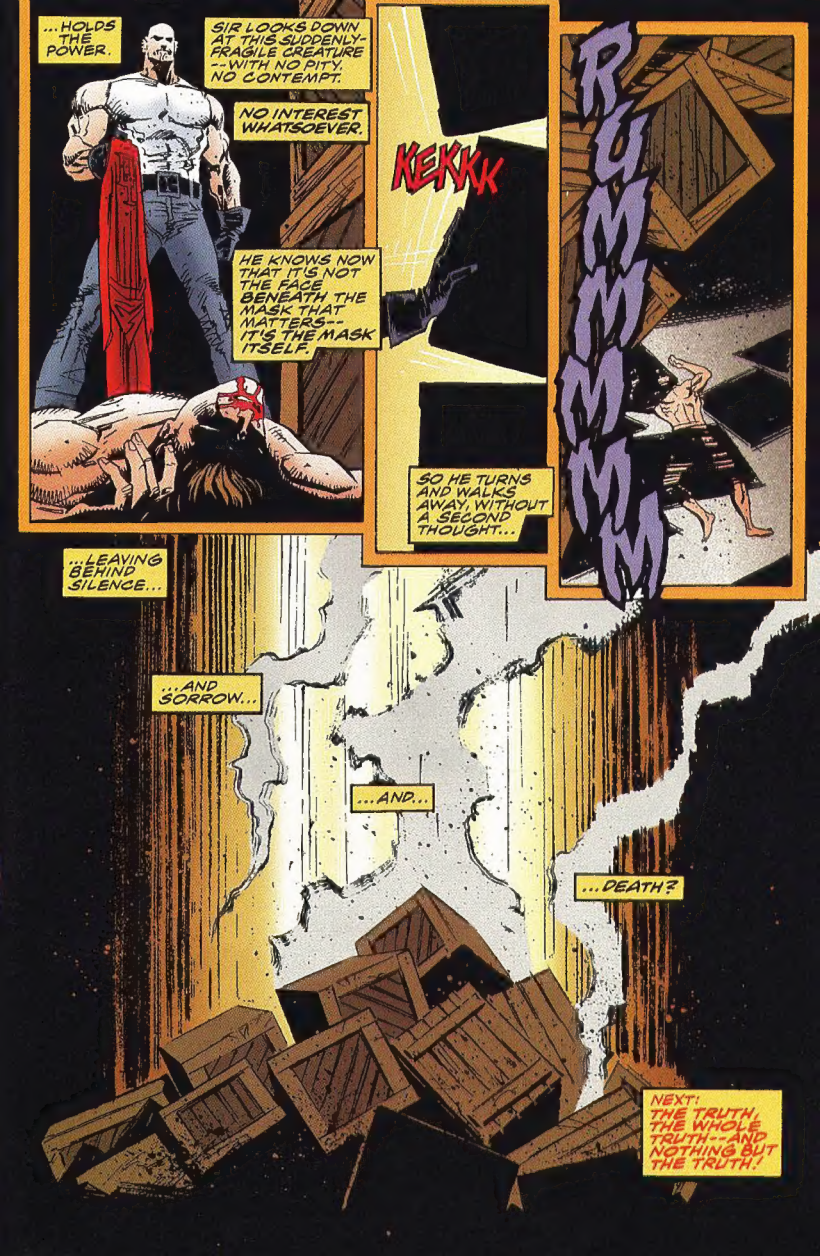
THE STORM IS KEEPING MOST NEW YORKERS HOME TONIGHT. BUT NOT HIM. NOT JACK BATLIN.
NOT DAREDEVIL.
IT CALLS HIM--INTO THE NIGHT, OUT OF HIS FEAR. DEMANDS THAT HE STOP HIDING.
HOW LONG CAN HE SIT WAITING, LIKE A VICTIM, FOR WHOEVER'S BEEN VIOLATING HIM TO STRIKE AGAIN?
HE'S GOT TO SCOUR THE CITY TILL HE FINDS THIS OTHER DAREDEVIL. MEET THE MYSTERY HEAD ON.
AND HE FEELS NOW, TO THE CORE OF HIS BEING, THAT THIS DOUBLE HOLDS THE KEY TO HIS INNER MYSTERY, AS WELL.
TO HIS NIGHTS OF SLEEPLESSNESS AND AGONY, THE UNSEEN DEMONS THAT HAUNT HIS TORTURED PSYCHE.
BUT AS HE SWINGS THROUGH THE SHEETS OF RAIN, HE TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO A NEW MYSTERY: A HULKING FIGURE THAT'S BEEN TRAILING HIM... STALKING HIM... FOR HALF AN HOUR NOW.
TOP OF NEW YORK
IS THERE, HE WONDERS, SOME CONNECTION BETWEEN THIS GIANT--AND THE YELLOW-AND-BLACK GHOST FROM HIS PAST?
IT'S TIME, HE FINALLY DECIDES...

...TO FIND OUT.
EVEN AS HE ANGLES UP, TOWARD THE ROOF OF THE HOTEL-- THE FIGURE LEAPS.
NO BILLY CLUB CABLE. NO WEB-LINE. JUST SHEER COURAGE. SHEER MADNESS.
DAREDEVIL REALIZES AS HE QUICKLY SCANS THE MAN --THE LIGHTNING AND THUNDER PLAYING HAVOC WITH HIS HYPER-SENSES...
...THAT HE KNOWS THIS GIANT:
HE'S THE ONE WHO TOSSED THE GIRL FROM THE WINDOW UP SEVENTY-SECOND STREET THE OTHER NIGHT.#
SWAK!
#LAST ISSUE! --PROF.
I THINK IT'S TIME I FORMALLY INTRODUCED MYSELF.
SWAK!
CALL
ME
SIR!


KASSSHHH
KOOOM!
THAT WAS QUITE A... PLEASURE--
--WRESTLING WITH YOU, HIGH ABOVE THE STREETS, FALLING THROUGH SPACE. MAN AGAINST MAN.
LET'S PLAY SOME MORE.
THIS IS NO GAME!
CHEKK
FOK
KRAAAK
YOU'RE RIGHT, OF COURSE.

TUKK
IT'S NOT.
THERE'S SOMETHING--WRONG WITH ME, YOU SEE.
RAKK
SOME... FLAW I CAN'T QUITE UNDERSTAND.
STOOM
BUT YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME UNDERSTAND.
YOU'RE GOING TO HEAL ME--
FOMMM!
--BY GIVING ME YOUR ENERGY.
I WORSHIP YOU, DAREDEVIL. I WORSHIP YOUR POWER. YOUR TOWERING MALENESS.
THAT'S WHY I HAVE TO KILL YOU.
TO ABSORB YOU.
BECOME EVERYTHING YOU ARE--
--AND MAKE MYSELF PERFECT.
DAREDEVIL'S MOUTH TASTES LIKE BLOOD. HIS LEFT HAND IS BROKEN.
HE LOOKS UP INTO THE MYSTERY...
...SCANS IT THOROUGHLY WITH HIS HYPER-SENSES, SEEKING ANSWERS.

BUT THE ANSWER THIS BLIND MAN "SEES" IN THE BRIEF MOMENTS BEFORE HE'S BATTERED DOWN INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS...
STONNK!
KRAAAK!
...IS ONE HE COULD NEVER HAVE ANTICIPATED.
HERE, SIR REALIZES, MY ANSWER IS IN HERE.
THE FLESH--THE MAN--IS WORTHLESS. THE SUIT...


...HOLDS THE POWER.
SIR LOOKS DOWN AT THIS SUDDENLY-FRAGILE CREATURE--WITH NO PITY. NO CONTEMPT.
NO INTEREST WHATSOEVER.
HE KNOWS NOW THAT IT'S NOT THE FACE BENEATH THE MASK THAT MATTERS--IT'S THE MASK ITSELF.
KEKKK
RUMMM
SO HE TURNS AND WALKS AWAY, WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT...
...LEAVING BEHIND SILENCE...
...AND SORROW...
...AND...
...DEATH?
NEXT: THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH--AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH!